l:Franken et al M, G-5 (ca. 1913-1958) 1960
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it is much more warlike in feeling than most of the ceremonial *Baris*, the participants working themselves into a frenzy of exultant exhibitionism. It is only in the *Baris Gedé* at Sanoer and in an occasional *Gamboeh* that one sees a similar taunting of his army by their leader in order to arouse their martial ardour ...

Baris Demang opened with the entry of eight men in red shirts, blue and white check *sapoets*, over narrow trousers of a smaller check, wearing the head-dress of *Aryas* (princes) in *Gamboeh*, surmounted by a high curving horn. They advanced in two files, and with shrieks and cries formed pairs, circling round each other and brandishing their short, curved swords. They swayed, leaning upon each other, and did a battle dance, jumping in the air, pirouetting, swaying, each line in a different direction, encouraging each other with throaty shouts. All were old men. Kneeling in two files at some distance from each other, they seemed to be threatening the *gamelan* wildly with their wedge-shaped wooden swords, but were only calling on the next actor to come out. A soloist, all in checks and stripes, with painted face and white head-dress, also aureoled in palm-leaf, next put in an appearance, and leaped about acrobatically, evidently the servant of an expected grandee, for he presently prostrated himself and crawled towards the place whence the characters entered, in a frenzy of subservient delight.

The next to enter was a frantic creature, also in an *Arya* head-dress, with a painted moustache, and with flowers and green leaves hanging from his ears. He and his vizir danced and dialogued in a whirling duet, with huge smiles on their faces and demonic cries on their lips. All the *Demangs* rose, and advanced swaying towards him. They roared and swayed in martial ecstasy, exchanged swords, balanced on one foot with the other knee lifted high like a *Baris* dancer, hurled animal challenges at each other in such fierce encounter that the head-dresses went flying. Their prince went among them, calming them, and they crouched wide-kneed in obeisance. But only for a moment. They were irrepressibly excited by their raja's presence, and were soon dancing with great leaps. At last he went out; they seemed to weep, and danced out after him.[9]

These notes by De Zoete and Spies may be followed by a more detailed description of the dance. The *bale pacbatan* in the forecourt serves as a dressing room for the performers. As soon as everything is in readiness the orchestra strikes up the *gĕnding* or 'air' *Lengker Kadehan* as an overture. Then follows the *gĕnding Jaran Sirig Baris*, at which the *potet*, coming from the forecourt, appears in the gate to the inner court, and enters the court acting. The character of the *potet* is that of a servant and clown, and as a sign

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535 of the latter quality his face is made completely white. His cos-
536 tume includes a white headcloth in which a frangipane flower has
792 been placed above his forehead, a twig of *don intaran* at the back
796 of his head, and two long blades of young coconut leaf beside his temples. He has on a striped shirt, plaid trousers, and a loincloth with floral motifs in gold leaf imposed on a blue base.

536 The *potet* begins his monologue, which serves the purpose of
792 acquainting the public with the tale to be depicted in the dance.
796 He praises the generosity of his lord, considering himself fortunate to serve the ruler of Pajang. He has achieved such a state of contentment that he feels full before he has eaten and clad in finery even if he has nothing to cover his body. Now, however, he is uneasy, for he has been charged to inform the *dĕmangs* and the *dĕmungs*, the ruler's *pĕpatihs agung*, his chief councillors, that His Majesty is preparing to wage war against Mĕlayu. Nonetheless the *potet* realizes that it behoves him in his position to devote himself to the fulfilment of his duty – which is the reason why he is hastening to acquit himself of his task.

After the prologue is ended the *potet* goes back to the forecourt. Then the *gĕnding Batel* is played. *Batel* means 'fiery', 'hard', and the theme is the sign that the *baris* dance proper is beginning. From the gate to the inner court two *dĕmangs* and two *dĕmungs* appear, the former striding to the south side of the temple grounds and the latter to the north side. The *potet* informs the *dĕmangs* and the *dĕmungs* that they are summoned to the king's presence, and they make ready to set out. They have a presentiment of what is expected of them, and display great self-confidence. With quite some braggadocio they inquire from each other how their attitude falls short. The constant repetition of certain exclamations and vocatives has a highly suggestive effect in creating a martial atmosphere:

536 DĔMUNG: Ho, brothers, you *dĕmangs!* Let us be gone!
539 DĔMANG: As you say! As you say!
792 DĔMUNG: Do not draw back! Do not draw back!
796 DĔMANG: By no means! By no means!
DĔMUNG: What is there to criticize in us? What is there lacking in us?

1:Franken et al M, G-5 (ca. 1913-1958) 1960
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DĚMANG: Your stature is too crouched, you do not stand upright enough. 536
Now you are holding yourself too stiff, and your stature is 539
exaggerated! 792
DĚMUNG: What do you have to say now? 796
DĚMANG: That is just right!

After a time the orchestra stops playing, and the two parties 536
take seats on the ground facing each other. Again the *gĕnding* 792
Batel is played, and then the other *dĕmangs* and *dĕmungs* appear, 796
repeating the dance. After the dance has been performed a second time the *gĕnding Biya Kala* is sounded, announcing the *prĕbangsa*. *Biya kala* is the name of an offering which is, for example, made in order to purify a person who has returned from a journey or to greet a prominent guest. Literally the term means 'to pay the demons tribute-money'.

The coming of the *prĕbangsa* is introduced by the *potet*, who is now on his way to the ruler to inform him that he has performed his task. He goes on emitting exclamations of praise, until finally he upbraids himself that he is out of breath as a result of the violence of his prologue. Then he informs the ruler that he has brought his commands to the knowledge of the *pĕpatihs agung*, and invites him to commence his audience.

Next a dialogue develops between the ruler (portrayed by the *prĕbangsa*) and the *potet*, the latter repeating the former's obscure and quasi-archaic idiom sentence for sentence in more understandable language. The dialogue is quickly given a certain turn so that the ruler's name and title can be made known to the public. The *prĕbangsa* represents the ruler of Pajang, known from the *Malat* and other Panji tales. From a monologue of his paraphrased by the *potet* it becomes clear that he is making preparations for a speedy departure for Mĕlayu. His mood of irritation is demonstrated by his declaration that he would like to meet someone audacious enough to ridicule his clothing.

Then follows a description of the *prĕbangsa*'s costume. His head- 536
dress is of the *kĕkĕlingan* or *kĕklopingan* model, named after the 792
high-sweeping black crest shaped like the new moon which begins 796
behind the forehead decoration and gradually broadens, ending

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at the *garuda mungkur*. The same sort of crown is also used for the figure of Panji in the *arja* and *gambuh*. His diadem is gilded, hammered leather set with drop-shaped pieces of mica replacing jewels. The decorations at his temples display the *ketaki* pattern. Descriptions are also given of his ear decorations, his breastcloth and other garments, and his creese. Above his breastcloth he wears a neckerchief of the *rĕmbang* pattern with black motifs on a grey-green base. His long trousers are of white cloth, as are also his skirt, his *lĕlanchingan*, and his *kanchut*. A girdle of the same colour and a loincloth of blue cotton inlaid with gold leaf complete his outfit. The *kanchut* is a slip of the *kain* which is pulled between the legs and tucked into the girdle at the back. The *lĕlanchingan* is the part of the *kain* that hangs folded in front. The creese is worn at the back, stuck in the girdle.

The *prĕbangsa* asks the *potet* for assurance that no one equals him in the finery of his raiment, the which the *potet* eagerly gives him. Then the *prĕbangsa* announces his wish to consult with his *pĕpatihs*. The *potet* warns him that the *dĕmangs* and *dĕmungs* are approaching, upon which the ruler assumes the *nĕhĕr* dance position, in which the body quivers with restrained tension. Then he addresses his warriors, urging them to train themselves in the use of arms.

PRĔBANGSA: You *rakriyans dĕmang* and *dĕmung*, harken!
POTET: Oh *pĕpatihs*, hear the commands of His Majesty.
PRĔBANGSA: I wish to ascertain your bravery and strength in battle. Follow my commands faithfully!
POTET: So be it, do not resist the will of the ruler!
PRĔBANGSA: I see that you have made yourselves ready without delay for the review of arms.
POTET: Oh *pĕpatihs*, prepare to display your courage and manly strength in competition.
PRĔBANGSA: Now I am convinced of your skills.
POTET: End your dance, *pĕpatihs*, your courage and suitability for battle have been demonstrated.
PRĔBANGSA: Hear now my commands, and follow them faithfully.
POTET: There remains a momentous command of His Majesty. Follow it loyally.
PRĔBANGSA: I cherish the intention to battle with the ruler of Mĕlayu. Array yourselves in battle formation!

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EPILOGUE

PRĚBANGSA: We shall not consider the subject further. The formation of battle array has been satisfactorily prepared. Be on your way.

POTET: Cease your practising. You have trained yourselves sufficiently in the use of arms. Set out!

No description has yet been given of the costumes of the *dĕmangs* and the *dĕmungs*. The headdress is of hammered leather with decorations beside the temples and includes a *garuda mungkur*, but not a diadem. Instead, a part of the skull is covered by rolled water-buffalo leather, which gives the impression of a high, bald forehead surrounded by locks of woolly hair. A moustache and whiskers lend a martial appearance to the face. An hibiscus is worn above the ears as a decoration. In their headdress, and also in their behaviour, the warriors in the *baris dĕmang* resemble the *dĕmangs* who precede the ruler in the *gambuh*. Another similarity is the fact that the repertoire of the *gambuh* is chosen by preference from the Panji tales and Middle Javanese historical romances.

The *dĕmangs* and *dĕmungs* have on red shirts with long sleeves such as were worn by warriors before the twentieth century. (Red is still the colour for the uniforms of the village police on Lombok.) Sashes of blue-and-white-squared cloth are worn around the neck and slantwise across the breast. The trousers are of *polĕng kĕklat-katan*, a sort of plaid resembling bamboo thatchwork. The *kain* is pulled between the legs as a *kanchut*, while the loincloth has blue and white stripes running crosswise, trimmed with red, white, and blue stripes along the length of the edges.

A short, broad sword is carried in one hand. The sword is provided with a ring on the hilt, and the reverse of the blade is decorated. There is the usual blood gully, and the sharp side is indicated with white. The other hand holds a small round shield made of water-buffalo hide.

Though, as De Zoete and Spies mentioned, as far as is known the *baris dĕmang* is now only performed on anniversaries in Pura Pĕmayun, in earlier times it was also danced in the street in the village of Bungkulan, a short distance to the east of the town of Buleleng, on the occasion of the purification of the gods at the seashore.

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task of the *patus* association for members who cremate their dead. 575 476 764
The members of the *desa* of Těnganan proper do not cremate their dead and have no *patus* association.

DRAMA AND MUSIC ASSOCIATIONS

The prohibition in the *desa* constitution has been an obstacle to 533 575 536 184
the rise of drama and music associations. In earlier times the stipulation was considered as an absolute prohibition, but recently the idea has developed that such associations may be founded, though the *desa* considers them as non-existent and does not arbitrate in case of differences. In Western terms one might say that the *desa* refuses to recognize their corporate capacity. The associations arising on this basis lead a languishing existence in Těnganan.

In Kěstala the situation is quite the opposite. There the fact that the *bale kulkul* is a shed with a whole series of signal blocks is enough to indicate that there are a number of associations. Besides the *patus*, *bědigul*, and *pěnyakap* associations mentioned above, there are also several music associations, including a *sěkaha angklung*, which uses traditional bamboo instruments.

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[Information on Rangda, a mythical being characterized in dramatic performances as a witch in supernatural form, has been analyzed for category 745.]

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It is generally recognized that the Brahmanas are higher than the Satrias, but a great undercurrent of disagreement and animosity has always existed between them on this account. The Satrias resented having to pay homage to the Brahmanas, and the legends and historical records are full of instances of the feud created by their struggle for caste supremacy. Kings were deposed by adventurers supported by Brahmanas; high priests cursed rulers and drove them to commit suicide, and often they had to flee and hide to protect their daughters from arrogant princes who wished to take them as wives, thus affronting their superior caste pride. Once in a *djauk* performance I saw a typical story enacted: The Radja of Bali, the Dewa Agung of Klungkung, wanted to prove that Brahmanas were fakers when they claimed supernatural powers. He placed a duck in a well and sent for the highest priest in the country so that he could prove his magic power by guessing what was in the well. The priest said that it was a great serpent, a *naga*. The king laughed in his face and uncovered the well; a huge *naga*, fire streaming from its nostrils, shot out and coiled around the king's body and would have crushed him to death if the priest had not killed the *naga* with a miraculous arrow. From then on, the princes did not dare to question the supremacy of the Brahmanas. This legend is still commemorated at the cremation of Satrias, when the Brahmanic priest shoots arrows at the *naga banda*, the serpent that conveys the soul to heaven. (See page 387.)

But the dispute still goes unsettled, with the priest's sphere of influence restricted now to purely religious duties. Brahmanas are devoid of administrative powers, but serve as judges in the courts; they could not be sentenced to death and did not pay taxes to the princes, but instead had to pray for the well-being of the land. Their own regulations forbid them from attending cockfights or making money in commerce. They are exalted and aloof, but ordinary people secretly laugh at them; there is a popular story, *Pan Bunkling*, in which the hero is constantly poking fun at Brahmanas and their philosophy. The Brahmanas can be

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tuak, they also have duties to perform: they are the leading members of the village association, the priests, witch-doctors, story-tellers, and of course the teachers of writing, poetry, and the arts. Old men are often duck-shepherds, guiding the flocks of ducks to the fields and back.

At one time the dramatic arts were restricted to the men, although older women danced in religious ceremonies. But today girls have successfully invaded the theatrical field. In general the condition of Balinese women is better than in other Eastern countries. A woman has definite rights; the income she derives from the sale of her pigs, her weaving, or the garden produce she sells in the market is her own, and she may dispose of her belongings without the knowledge of her husband. Most women are not only economically independent, but contribute to the expenses of the household. A woman's debts are her own and her husband is not liable for them. The women keep the finances of the family and control the markets.

THE ECONOMIC ORDER

With agriculture as the main occupation of the people and the basis of wealth, the question of the ownership of land is of great importance. Bali presents the amazing spectacle of a land where the deeply rooted agrarian communalism of the people has continued to exist side by side with the feudalism of the noble landlords. We have seen that the true Balinese village is an independent economic and social unit, ruled by a council of villagers with voting power, equal rights for all, and ownership of land restricted by village regulations. The lands are communally cultivated to maintain the village festivals, and even the ground on which the houses stand is village property that can be reclaimed if the tenant abuses his privileges. Since the land and its products belong to the ancestral gods, the idea of absolute property is not firmly rooted among the Balinese. In our household nobody objected when neighbours came and cut flowers and banana leaves without permission.

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cloth or paper and even three-ply wood are used. The cloth is prepared with starch and glossed with a smooth shell. The preliminary outline is drawn in ochre with a bamboo style (*penelak*) or with a lead pencil, and the colours then applied with a home-made brush (*penuli*), a piece of sharpened bamboo, the fibres of which have been loosened by pounding with a stone. The picture is finished with steady black lines drawn with the bamboo pen, with a second outline in reddish brown inside the black one for all the parts that represent flesh or wood, and the whole glossed once more.

Highly specialized branches of the graphic art are the illustrations of palm-leaf manuscripts (*lontar*), and the making of leather puppets for shadow-plays (*wayang kulit*). In Singaradja there is a library of these manuscripts, the Kirtya Liefrinck van der Tuuk, where are preserved some splendid old *lontars* with illustrations (or copies of them) such as the famous *Dampati Lelangon*, taken from the palace of the Radjas of Lombok at the time of the war; the *Tetumbalans* of Kamenuh and Sawan, the *Bhima Swarga*, *Pari Bhasa*, *Adi Parwa*, and so forth. These are masterpieces of the art of illustration, with miniature pictures incised with an iron style on the blades of the *lontar* palm, the scratch filled in with a mixture of soot and oil. These manuscripts are in the form of books. The *lontar* leaves are cut evenly into strips an inch wide and from a few inches to two feet in length. They are preserved between two boards of some precious wood cut to the size of the leaves and bound together by a cord that passes through a hole in the centre of each leaf.

The shadow puppets, the *wayang kulit* (described later in greater detail), are fashioned from buffalo parchment, cut out with special iron dyes into the most delicate lace and painted. The style of the *wayang* is highly conventionalized although it is considerably more realistic than its ancestor, the Javanese *wayang*. It is curious that the art of painting pictures is not altogether dependent on the *wayang* forms, as it happens to be in Java, where the whole of the art consists in reproductions of

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532 stylized *wayangs*; their outline is always in profile, while in Bali-
[536] nese paintings a face in profile is never found. However, the influence of these forms in the æsthetic education of children was patent when Jane Belo distributed paper and water-colours among the children of the small village of Sayan, to see what children without artistic training would do; the majority turned out pictures that were arrangements of elementary interpretations of *wayang* shapes.

178 Together with sculpture, painting underwent a liberating revo-
532 lution after boys from around Ubud started to paint pictures in a "new" style. These were curious scenes from daily life on backgrounds of Balinese landscapes and village scenes, a mixture of realism and of the formal stylistic, with naïve figures of ordinary Balinese: a woman feeding chickens, men working in the fields, a cremation, and a dance performance, subjects that were never attempted before by Balinese painters.

This developed rapidly into a more mature, naturalistic style, producing a new crop of fine artists, each with a definite individual mark, such as I Sobrat, Madé Griya, and Gusti Nyoman from Ubud, Ida Bagus Anom from Mas, and the group of young painters from Batuan who draw fantastic forests and strange figures in half-tone against solid black backgrounds. These artists were encouraged by Spies and the Dutch painter Bonnet, who bought their pictures and provided them with materials; being careful, however, to keep undesirable influences from them, and helping them to sell their work in the museum of Den Pasar, a clearing-house where only pictures of high quality are exhibited.

New materials increased the possibilities of the newly liberated
[177] art. The introduction of European paper, Chinese ink, hair brushes, and steel pens resulted in a new style of pictures in black and white, mosaics of delicate black lines with washes of various tones of greys and black, often touched with gold and red. But there are also formal paintings on wood or cloth done in the old Balinese pigments in which they attempted to give atmosphere

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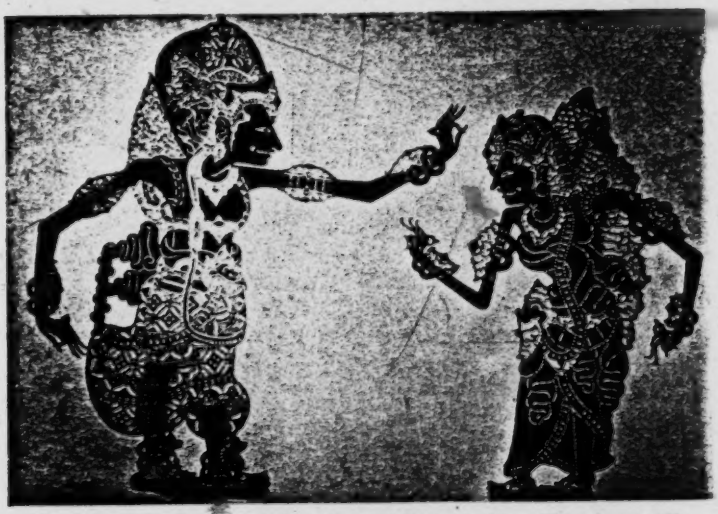

ABOVE: Detail of a Fine Silk and Gold Brocade from Klungkung. The wayang figures are woven into the fabric by the ikat process — the silk threads are dyed with the pattern before the cloth is woven

BELOW: Two *Wayang Kulit*, puppets of buffalo parchment, cut out with dyes and painted

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CHAPTER VIII

THE DRAMA

No feast is complete in Bali without music and elaborate dramatic and dance performances; no one would dream of getting married, or holding a cremation, or even of celebrating a child's birthday, without engaging troupes of dancers and actors to entertain the guests and the neighbours. During the anniversary feasts of the temple there are always dances that last throughout the night and may even continue for days, with a different type of show every afternoon and night. At the great feast of Taman Badung, the death temple of Den Pasar, there were shows every night for an entire month. 527 53

The Balinese love night-life and it was rare when after ten at night someone did not come to us with news of a show somewhere, or when we did not hear distant music in the village. We became such enthusiastic theatre-goers that we had, sometimes, to make a point of staying home to catch up with lost sleep. Even the tired peasant who works all day in the fields does not mind staying up at night to watch a show, and the little children who invariably make up the front rows of the audience remain there until dawn for the end, occasionally huddled together taking naps, but wide awake for the exciting episodes of the play. 536 [857]

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dance of the higher order was dying until rescued in recent years by the sultans, today it is only in the high courts of the Javanese princes that fine dancing can be seen. In Java the fine dancer is a specialist attached to the court, often a prince himself; in Bali he is an ordinary villager with talent and skill who performs for the prestige of his community and for the entertainment of his neighbours. In Bali as well as in Java, it is a part of the education of a prince to dance, act, and play musical instruments, but in Bali a prince who organizes a theatrical group mingles with the common people and performs for their amusement. It is amusing to hear the Javanese and the Balinese deride each other's theatre: the Balinese think the dances of Java are meaningless, dull, and dead, but the Javanese are shocked at the "noisy" music of Bali and look upon their dancing as the product of rude and primitive peasants.

The Balinese have constantly injected new life into their theatre, in contrast to the Javanese, who, perhaps because of Mohammedan influence, have allowed the art to come to a standstill so that their acting suggests imitation of the movements of their archaic marionette shows (*wayang purwa*). The Javanese actor cannot express emotion except by the most conventional gestures, and his face remains fixed and mask-like. The Balinese act in an exactly opposite manner. They are gay, exuberant, and fond of gestures and slapstick comedy. Javanese masks are stylized, with long, sharp noses and slit eyes that eliminate all sense of the realism frowned upon by Islamism. The Balinese make masks of amazing expressiveness, often realistic in character, studies of standard types. I have seen a masked play with masterfully carved masks that were caricatures of Chinese, Arabs, and Europeans.

A theatrical group is organized by the villagers into a society along the same lines as a musical club. Contributions of money are made, instruments procured, and musicians trained. The future dancers are selected from the boys and girls of the community, taking into consideration their pleasing personal appear-

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535 158 girls dressed in *legong* costumes go into trance, supposedly to be possessed by the spirits of the heavenly nymphs, to bring luck and magic protection to the village through their performance. The steps of the *sanghyang* are exactly the same as those of the *legong* and it is disconcerting and eerie that at no time have the little girls received dance training, and that when in trance they are able to perform the difficult steps that take months and even years of practice for an ordinary *legong*.

THE BARIS

535 An indispensable part of the ritual feasts of the old villages is the *baris gedé*, a stately war dance in which ten or twelve middle-aged warriors with their heads covered with flowers, wearing magic scarves, and carrying long spears tipped with peacock feathers, dance in double line, grimacing and striking heroic poses until the music becomes violent, when they enact a sham battle with their black and silver spears.

No dance in the world can be more manly than the *baris*. Just [831] as the *legong* is the representative feminine dance, so the *baris* typifies the strong elegance of the male and is the source of material for all masculine dances. When the first turkey came [825] to Bali, the Balinese inmediately named it *siap baris*, the "*baris* bird." Remaining essentially a war dance, the style of the ritual [536] *baris* was later adapted to the performance of heroic plays in the *baris pendét*, in which individual dancers play the military heroes, using dramatic dialogues to accompany their movement.

Every well-educated prince must be able to dance the *baris* [564] when he enters middle age, having undergone a rigorous training to obtain the necessary skill and flexibility. To be in trim to dance the *baris*, one must be able to sit on one's heels keeping the knees spread wide apart in line with the body. A good dancer of *baris*, besides a finished physical training and an expressive face, 535 must also have a cultivated, sonorous voice. It is essential that 826 an actor with a "fine" face, who plays youthful heroes, have a high-pitched voice, while an actor who plays "strong," rough

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kebiyar it is necessary to have what the Balinese call a "good" face, expressive and mobile, and to possess elegance, intensity and personal magnetism, besides highly finished technical training. Mario had great musical knowledge and one of his specialties was to play the *trompong* while he danced, twirling the sticks in his fingers and moving with great agility along the scale of inverted bronze bowls. The *kebiyar* was very popular during Mario's time, especially among the men. It was frequently performed as an interpretation of *kekawin*, epic poems chanted in the archaic language by expert story-tellers, while Mario translated into movement the episodes of the poems with that curious detachment of pure rhythm and abstract gesture so typically Balinese. Good dancers of *kebiyar* are rare today; of Mario's pupils, only one, I Gusti Rake, also of Tabanan, has inherited Mario's intensity and style, and he is becoming as famous as Mario once was.

THE SHADOW-PLAY

MYSTICISM AND SLAPSTICK

Perhaps poetry and the drama were born in Bali with the introduction of the great epics of the Hindus, the famous *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*. They came by way of Java as propaganda for the ancient Hindus and as part of their religious teachings. The semi-divine protagonists of the poems, the princes Rama and Ardjuna, gods reincarnated to save the world, soon captured the popular imagination with their romantic adventures and their fantastic wars against evil. They not only became the idols, the heroes, models of conduct for the Balinese, but were accepted as the ancestors and ideal of the race.

The early religious teachers of Java rewrote the great Indian works into the local literary language, the Kawi, archaic Javanese, in which nine out of every ten words are Sanskrit. The rich and flowery Kawi is today the classical language of poetry (*kawi* means "poet") used by Balinese intellectuals, who have con-

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198 538 tinued to practise it, keeping it as alive as it was in Java during the golden age of Hinduism before it fell into neglect at the advent of Islamism. It was not without reason that Raffles wrote in his *History of Java:* "The ancient mythological poems are preserved in Bali in more correct form than in Java."

533 538 The poems are written in stanzas based on the Sanskrit metre (*sloka*), which the Balinese have developed into as many as forty-seven different poetical measures that are particularly well suited to singing. These are given out to the masses by story-tellers who chant the Kawi texts while an interpreter explains them in ordinary Balinese. The people soon learned the Kawi poems by heart, although they do not understand the actual words and chant them purely for the sake of their musical metre. Today even boys of the common classes gather at night for hours to sing in Kawi, though the meaning of the songs may be obscure to them. Musical accompaniments were eventually added to the epic songs, and story-telling developed into a fine art in the form called *kekawin*, in which a large orchestra plays interludes between the episodes and dialogues recited and translated by two story-tellers.

536 538 177 The episodes from the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* remain the most important literary works that the Balinese have appropriated for their own literature, and they have influenced the theatre to a great extent. But there are countless other stories, Javanese, native, even Chinese, that make the bulk of the literature of Bali, now being compiled by the Kawi scholars of Bali, Java, and Holland.

536 [775] [769] Out of an ancient shamanistic performance in which the ancestors were brought to this world in the form of shadows to communicate with their descendants, came the *wayang kulit*, the shadow-plays — a performance by marionettes (*wayang*) that cast their shadows on a screen and are manipulated by a mystic story-teller, the *dalang*. In olden times the *wayang* may have represented the forefathers and the *dalang* the priest, but in all probability the Hindu teachers of early times took advan-

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tage of this form of expression to propagandize religion and adapted the stories of Hindu mythology into dramatic performances for the masses, illustrating the episodes of the life of Rama and Ardjuna with marionettes. As the popularity of the *wayang* grew, it became stylized theatre with a moral lesson, but it has never lost its mystic function. A performance of *wayang* is prescribed in ceremonials at important stages of the life of the Balinese like children's anniversaries, the coming of age of girls, teeth-filings, marriages, cremations, and temple feasts. The *wayang* may be performed in the daytime, without a screen and without an audience, but with a specified story, as magic support to the ceremony. Hardly a night goes by when the fluid music of the *wayang* cannot be heard somewhere. The fantastic adventures of the little leather puppets have a powerful hold on the imagination of young and old alike, who seem to prefer a *wayang* show to the more spectacular performance by human beings.

Travellers watching a shadow-play become bored after a short time and cannot understand why the great crowds sit listening with profound attention to the plays that do not end till dawn. But to the Balinese the *wayang* is more than vague shadows on a screen. It is the medium of their classical poetry, for their ribald humour; and, most important of all, it is the greatest factor in the spiritual education of the masses. In a performance given by an inspired story-teller, there prevails the curious mixture of mysticism and of slapstick humour that the Balinese love so. Every object and every move of the marionettes has a symbolical significance aside from the purely entertaining aspect of the show. The *dalang* is an artist and a great spiritual teacher. Years of training, a thorough knowledge of the stories and their moral value, are required of a good *dalang*. His popularity depends on his inspiration, his humour, and his ability to handle the marionettes while he improvises comic dialogues. But his reputation also depends on his *sakti*, his magic power. He is invariably the star of the show.

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536 545 Before the *dalang* can perform publicly, he must be ordained by a priest in the *mawinten* ceremony, when mystic syllables are inscribed on his tongue with the stem of a *tjempaka* flower dipped in honey. Then he can perform the magic *tjalonarang* and may wear the knot (*prutjut*) worn on the hair by priests.

[202] There are no announcements made when a *wayang* show is to take place. Somehow the rumour spreads from person to person and there is a crowd even before the *dalang* arrives. By the time he begins to stretch his screen, a great mob has gathered, sitting quietly on the ground, giving no signs of impatience at the customary endless wait for the play to begin. It seems as if they deliberately waited until midnight to start, timing the show to end at dawn. Women and children sit in the front ranks facing the screen, the men are divided between the last rows and "backstage," the side of the screen where the *dalang* [562] sits, where they can watch the actual puppets. In Java it is a rule that the men look at the puppets, while the women see only the shadows.

The screen (*kelir*) is a piece of white cloth stretched on a wooden frame and lit by a primitive oil lamp (*damar*) that hangs directly above the *dalang's* head. The shadows are thrown on this screen by means of the lamp. At the foot of the screen is a section of the soft trunk of a banana tree, where the supports of the marionettes are stuck to hold them in position when they are not in motion. The *dalang* sits cross-legged next to a long, coffin-shaped wooden chest (*kropak*), where he keeps his puppets. Behind the *dalang* is the orchestra, the *gendér wayang*, [534] four xylophones, each played by a musician. Between the toes of his right foot, the *dalang* holds a piece of horn, a hammer, with which he knocks out rhythms on the wooden chest — indications to the orchestra.

When everything is ready, at the tock-tock of the *dalang's* toe-hammer, the orchestra begins to play the delicate, watery music of the *wayang*, rich tone-colours and suspended tempos like bells and fountains playing a Debussian melody. A strange

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shadow appears suddenly on the screen. It is a leaf-shaped silhouette in which the trunk, branches, and leaves of a tree can be distinguished. There are various theories as to its significance; it may represent a mountain, a forest, the Tree of Life, or the gate to the Supernatural; but in Bali it is simply called *kayon*, a tree, or *babad*, the story. The mysterious shadow sways in circles and waves to the compass of the music, its trembling shape distorted and thrown in and out of focus by the flickering flame of the lamp, until it stops and is fixed motionless in the middle of the screen. Whatever mystic significance the *kayon* may once have had, it is now only the link that connects the various parts of the play; standing still in the centre of the screen it indicates the beginning and the end; by its motions or by the angle at which it is set it may show the mood of the scene to follow or represent wind, fire, water.

When the *kayon* is removed, the *dalang* brings the marionettes out of the chest, one by one, taking his time to introduce the characters. The shadows of each puppet are fixed on the screen by sticking the ends of their support into the banana stem. On the right the *dalang* places the good and noble characters: the gods, kings, princes, princesses, and their attendants. On the left the evil characters are lined up: giants, demons, witches, and the villains of the play in general. The puppets are lacy silhouettes in profile, delicately cut out of buffalo parchment and beautifully painted. They are handled by three long supports of horn or bamboo, one for the body and one for each arm. Only their arms are jointed, and their acting is reduced to rhythmical arm gestures, while the *dalang* recites their lines. In Bali, but not in Java, some comic characters can move the lower jaw.

The puppets are then removed, leaving the screen empty, and the play begins. It may be the episode from the *Ramayana* in which the divine prince Rama tries to rescue Sita, his beloved bride, from the clutches of the giant Rawana, the *raksasa* king, a monster of wickedness and lechery. Here Rama is assisted by

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536 a great army of monkeys in terrific battles in which "they dis-
773 charged so many arrows that they could not see each other any

[776]
[532]

Hanuman

more." Millions of monkeys and *raksasas* alike are slain before Rawana is killed and Sita rescued. The most picturesque hero of the war is the monkey-general, Hanuman, who performs

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miraculous feats of agility and strength, as, for instance, his famous leap across the ocean to Rawana's island to discover where Sita is held. When Hanuman is sent to bring healing herbs from the forest he is unable to recognize the magic plants and, angered, tears out the entire mountain top and brings it back with him.

Or the episode represented may come from the *Mahabharata*. Then the plot deals with the feud between two rival princely houses: the Pandawas, five brothers who are models of virtue (the mystic Yudistra, Bhima, uncouth warrior and powerful magician, the romantic lover Ardjuna, and Nakula and Sahadewa), against their hundred cousins, the jealous and treacherous Korawas, headed by the unprincipled Duryodana. The Korawas, through trickery and intrigue, succeeded in ousting the Pandawas from their kingdom and banishing them into the forest for twelve years. During their exile the princes acquire the magic strength to wage the Great War, the Barata Yudda, against the evil Korawas, who are finally exterminated after a battle so fierce that it makes "the rivers stand still, the sun pale, and the mountains tremble."

The symbolical struggle between absolute virtue and absolute evil is the backbone and the characteristic of the Hinduistic literature of Bali. Each character is sharply defined; he is either a fiend or a hero. But the figures of Hindu origin have always remained aloof and esoteric to the Balinese, who have provided the *wayang* with more interesting and amusing characters of their own.

These are the *parekan*, the servants or attendants of the principals. On the side of truth and righteousness are Twalén and his son Merdah, while Délam and Sangut are the retainers of the "left," the villains. Twalén is a ponderous black monster with a pot-belly, a great wit, and a magic air about him. He is the really intelligent character of the *wayang*, who by his resourcefulness and knowledge of the occult saves every situation and makes the hero appear as the conqueror of every combat.

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536 His rival, the wild-eyed, stiff-mustachioed red monster Délam, with his little legs and enormous mouth, assisted by his Sangut, is a well-matched foe for Twalén. They fight constantly by magic means, by words, or by action in bawdy slapstick clowning; the puppets are banged together as the *dalang* improvises riotous dialogues, keeping the audience in hysterics. But in the end

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Twalén always wins, the triumph of the magic of the "right" over the "left."

536 776 The fascinating *parekan* are the favourites of the people and it can be said that the whole show is a pretext for their mad fun-making. Twalén and Délam, and their Javanese equivalents, are unknown in the original Hindu epics; they are undoubtedly native characters, perhaps ancient deities degraded to the rank of retainers of the Hindu hero-gods, reshaped by the adapters of the stories into ridiculous, clumsy monsters of ill manners to establish their relation to the Hindu gods. Certain legends mention Twalén as having a divine origin. The Balinese say that he was a son of Tintiya, the Original God, and consequently a brother of Siva; but being given to worldly pleasures and liking

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536 forbidden foods too well, he did not care to become one of the
776 nigh gods and preferred to remain a servant, so that he could eat and drink all he wanted. In exchange for his renunciation, he was given the power always to come out victorious over his enemies. Because of his exorcizing powers, Twalén can purify the country of evil. He probably represents the old Indonesian

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magician who vanquishes evil monsters, and his role was adapted to assist the prince against the forces that stood in the way of his spiritual improvement. With its elaborate magic, religious significance, its undiminished popularity, and as the probable ancestor of the Balinese theatre, the *wayang* remains the most important form of Balinese entertainment.

THE CLASSIC DRAMA

KINGS AND WARRIORS

536 Conservative Balinese, fond of the classic literature in the fine old language, like to watch archaic dramas with long dialogues in Kawi and with a great deal of singing. There are vari-

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536 ous styles of classic plays, each with its own technique, and with special stories and costumes. For instance, episodes from the Ramayana are played only in *wayang wong* style (perhaps a development from the shadow-plays) in which masked actors in elaborate costumes enact the struggle between Rama and Ra-

[532]

Semar, as Twalén is Called in the Ancient *Wayang Gambúh*

wana, while the rowdy monkeys play tricks on each other and the clowns Twalén and Délam provide hilarious comedy. The
[533] music of the *wayang wong* is, like that for the shadow-plays, mellow and delicate, played by the same *gendérs* augmented by drums and gongs to provide dramatic accents. The human *wayang* is not, however, as popular today as the shadow *wayang* and is rarely played.

545 The romantic and heroic adventures of Pandji, the native
536 Ardjuna, the dashing young prince of the *Malat* stories, are

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played in the *gambúh*, the ancestor of the Balinese opera. The *gambúh* is played by middle-aged actors who represent kings and prime ministers, singing and chanting long Kawi recitatives to the accompaniment of great bamboo flutes or a two-stringed violin, and drums and cymbals. The style of singing *gambúh* is curiously dissonant and archaic, with great contrasts of deep voices mingled with high falsettos, whines, and loud cries that grow into a jumbled chorus at the exciting moments of the play. There are other classic plays, more or less in the style of the *gambúh*, but with their own stories, such as the *tantri*, *tjupak*, and so forth.

A great favourite is the famous *Ardjuna Wiwaha*, one of the *Kawi* classics, a masterpiece of romantic poetry, but when played in the *baris pendet*, it becomes a mixture of love story and roughhouse. The favourite episode of the Balinese is the one in which Ardjuna, in deep meditation on a mountain top, seeks to obtain a divine weapon with which to vanquish the demon Deyta Wata Kewatja, who has insulted the gods by demanding that the most beautiful *dedari*, the nymph Supraba, be given to him in marriage. The long penance of Ardjuna worries the gods, who decide to send the most beautiful *dedari* to bring him out of his abstraction so that he may help them to make war against the demon. The nymphs find him in a deep trance and all immediately fall in love with him. They display their charms and employ every artifice to attract his attention, but they cannot break his penance.

In the play the main *baris* dancer sits with closed eyes and hands clasped in an attitude of prayer while his *patih* and Kertalah make poor attempts at meditation. Two beautiful girls appear; they are Supraba and Tilotama, the nymphs, who dance in front of him, embracing and kissing Ardjuna, who remains unmoved, while the clowns appear indignant at his indifference. The *dedari* go away broken-hearted, when suddenly a blood-curdling roar is heard off-stage. The clowns are paralysed with fear. A monster with the head of a wild pig leaps into the arena.

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●536 He is Mang Mang Murka, the *patih* of Detya Wata Kewatja. Ardjuna shows signs of coming to life as the clowns run madly about trying to find a place to hide and getting caught unexpectedly in the path of the monster. Ardjuna wakes, takes his magic bow, and kills the hog with a symbolical arrow given him by the gods.

THE TOPÉNG

The most popular afternoon (matinee) entertainment, especially with the more serious type of men, is the *topéng*, a masked play dealing with the exploits of local kings and warriors, episodes of the wars and intrigues of Balinese history (*babad*). Two or three actors, usually aged men, play all the parts and impersonate all sorts of characters with great skill, from the half-witted servants and petulant prime ministers, to the heroic kings and cultured young princes. It was like magic to see an old man transform himself into a graceful young prince simply by putting on a mask and dancing with delicacy, only to come out again as a lisping and idiotic clown.

There is a curious variety of *topéng*, the *padjegan*, played by a single actor who impersonates all the characters. For this the usual curtain booth for the actors' changes is erected at one end of the "stage," while the orchestra plays at the other end. The actor sits inside the booth, already in costume but not yet wearing a mask; there he prays, making an offering to the [782] characters about to be played. He lights a stick of incense, dedicates the small offering he has brought with him, and decapitates a small chicken, spilling the blood on the ground. The *gamelan* begins to play. The masks are arranged in the required order on a basket, each wrapped in a piece of cloth. The actor takes the first mask, puts it on, still wrapped, holding it with his teeth by a wooden knob, or a leather strap, fixed to the back of the mask. Before uncovering it, he stiffens and seems to go into a sort of trance, "to enter into the character," making dancing gestures with his head and hands. Suddenly he tears

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off the cloth, gets up, and after dancing for a short while behind the curtain, makes his appearance. This is done for each character, and each mask is carefully wrapped and put away after it is used. This is not for showmanship since it is always done inside the booth and out of sight of the public. [536]

Comic Characters in the *Topéng*

As the play develops, the various characters are introduced, starting with the usual clowns, the servants of the prime ministers of the kings involved.

Only the clowns speak in *topéng* performances and they wear half-masks that leave the mouth free, while the finer characters use pantomime. The absurd clowns are clumsy, with stiff wild hair and bulbous noses: one is a shy little man with eyes bulging, who lisps and moves with birdlike gestures; the other is a coarse character with terrifying hollow eyes, large holes in his mask, through which the actor's own eyes can be seen. He has an unkempt moustache and a monstrous hare-lip. After them appear the refined old men with red faces and masses of white hair, high-tempered prime ministers, and young princes with smiling, [522]

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536 delicate white features. The personality of each character is sharply defined, with peculiar mannerisms expressed in stylized acting and through extremely realistic masks.

536 B58 But the curious part of the performance comes at the close. Children in the front ranks begin to show alarm and, when the

The *Pengedjokan*

play is about to end, some get up and leave. The *gamelan* plays a special melody and the curtains part again. This time the *pengedjokan* appears; he wears the white mask of a grinning old man with protruding teeth, a mysterious smile, friendly and terrifying at the same time. He shakes constantly with laughter and shows a large roll of *kepeng*, pennies, with which he tries to lure the children, who all run as if for their lives. He goes

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after them, chasing them far into the road, and if he captures one, carries him back to the dancing-place and gives the money to his frightened victim. I asked repeatedly for the significance of this curious character, but I never received a satisfactory explanation. The *pengedjokan's* other names are Djero Dalam Pegék and Djero Dalam Truna (*truna:* bachelor), perhaps derived from some authentic character, a bachelor king of legend who liked children, but frightened them because of his appearance. To be a bachelor after middle age is considered abnormal in Bali. The mask is very holy, or rather has magic power, and no one would dream of selling it. In general a good set of *topéng* masks is a treasure, since only the bests sculptors can make them. Learned Balinese have a high regard for the *topéng* as an art.

THE BALINESE OPERA: THE ARDJA

A performance by a good *ardja* ensemble is a social event in the village. It is at *ardja* shows that young people meet and love affairs are started, helped by the romantic atmosphere of the love stories and the late hours. The performance never begins before midnight, and the villagers wait patiently, gossiping, flirting, listening to music, or munching peanuts until the actors have eaten their interminable dinner and are finally dressed.

The play begins with the appearance of the *tjondong*, the female attendant of the *putri*, the eternal princess. The part of the *tjondong* is usually played by a middle-aged, homely, male actor dressed as a girl, who walks in an effeminate way, singing praises to his mistress and begging her to come out. She is finally persuaded; the curtains of the little booth at the end of the dancing-space part and the much heralded beauty appears. In progressive *ardjas* she may be a young girl dressed in gold, with a great flower head-dress; but generally beautiful young girls cannot sing very well and in "good" *ardjas* the part is played by a male actor famous for his high falsetto. Slowly the two work their way across the stage, dancing and posturing, the

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545 servant occasionally kneeling before the princess, all the while
536 singing and talking in high, wailing voices. After this, they go "off-stage" simply by sitting on a mat in front of the orchestra.

Deep hollow laughter is heard from behind the curtain, followed by a song announcing the *patih*, the prime minister of the great prince, the hero of the play. The *patih* draws back the curtain and after what seems like unsuccessful attempts to come out, he finally emerges, very impressive and sure of his importance. He struts and grins, singing his own praises, laughing pompously. His abused and browbeaten younger brother Kertalah comes out meekly after him. He is a pitiful little figure dressed in an old football sweater and what look like the old clothes of the *patih*. Instead of a gold kris, he carries a stick or some sort of agricultural implement. His face is crossed with dabs of white paint over his nose and upper lip to indicate that he is a clown. They hold long dialogues, giving hints of the story to follow. The *patih* in his hollow, pretentious manner postures and struts like a turkey; Kertalah lisps or stutters. They joke about topical and local matters, much in the style of circus
[522] clowns, with the *patih* playing "straight" and acting as foil for the clown. They are the favourites of the crowd and every time an "off-colour" joke is made, it is the women and children who laugh the loudest, while the men blush.

Finally it is time for the prince, the *ratú*, to appear; the *patih* recites his praises and with clasped hands begs him to enter. He describes the prince's beauty as contrasted with his own ugliness, and flatters him, in standard phrases such as: "I am so happy to be the *patih* of such a prince, ha, ha, ha! Come out, Excellency, the road is clear, please come out, I wait for my master."

The prince appears, glittering with gold and tinsel, singing in kawi, dancing in the refined style. The *patih* and Kertalah follow every one of his gestures in awe, trying to imitate them, but succeeding only in a burlesque. By now it is about three in the morning and time for the story to begin. The *ardja* stories

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are romantic episodes of memorable love affairs of princes and princesses, generally full of fantastic situations and with a distinct erotic flavour. The distinguished characters speak and sing in kawi, which is translated into common Balinese by the comedians for the benefit of the unscholarly crowd. The comedy is incredibly funny and rough slapstick, sprinkled with all sorts of bawdy jokes.

Besides the traditional stories, there are popular new plays such as *Sampik* and *Tuan Wei*, adaptations of Chinese love stories that started in 1924 as bastard performances with actors in European clothes playing on mandolins. Eventually these stories became thoroughly Balinese and were incorporated in the *ardja*.

THE DJANGER

An inevitable sight for the newly arrived tourist every Saturday morning was the *djanger*. Under the hanging roots of a great *waringing*, or banyan tree, in the central square of the village, sat a dozen boys and a dozen girls in groups of six, forming a square, the girls facing the girls, the boys opposite each other; a dance master, the *daag*, sat in the centre. The boys wore blue sashes and red hibiscus over their ears; the girls had great fan-shaped head-dresses of flowers and were wrapped in gilt cloth from the armpits to the feet. The boys shouted and shook while the girls sang with baby voices, flinging their hands and flashing their eyes. After a while a girl appeared dressed as a prince, singing and posturing, quarrelling with a wild-looking bird, an actor with a frightful mask, wings, and a bright-coloured tail. The show ended with the death of the bird, shot by an arrow of the prince. Half of the tourists looked on, while the other half snapped pictures furiously. The performance was picturesque and justified the fee, but somehow it did not ring true. Despite the fact that the elaborate show was held on the open road, it attracted only a few children, and the dancers seemed bored and indifferent.

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535 545 177 Later I found out that the *djanger* was a recent development. It had started suddenly, when, about 1925, the first company of Malay operettas (*stambul*) visited the island. The Balinese immediately created their own version of the pantomime, and the *djanger* spread like an epidemic; everywhere *djanger* groups were formed and soon every *bandjar* could boast a *djanger* club. It was the first time that boys and girls joined to dance for the fun of performing together, their first social dance. Every district developed its own style. In Buleleng there was a group in which the girls wore shorts, showing their legs, a rather shocking exhibition for the Balinese, who called it *djanger melalong*, the "naked djanger," but it was popular among the rich Chinese of Buleleng. The *djanger* was then the most popular entertainment. Nobody cared to see anything else and every girl in Bali hoped to become a *djanger* and hummed the songs all day. We feared that the *djanger* would kill other forms of Balinese dancing, but on our return two years later, we were surprised to find that there was no more *djanger*; all the famous groups had stopped. Some of the girls had married, and since there was no more demand, the groups were not reorganized. The most exhilarating show of the Balinese was dead and forgotten. Only a sleepy group remained: the *djanger* for the tourists, still avidly photographing what they called "temple dancers."

536 177 545 With the passing of the *djanger*, the classical forms of theatre regained popularity, and during our second visit it was the *ardja* that had again become the favourite. The style of the *djanger* was a puzzling departure from the refinement of the Balinese theatre. The singing was obviously derived from the magic *sanghyang* songs, and the costumes and acrobatic figures might have been copied from the Westernized Malay shows, but the general mood, the seating arrangements, and the movements can only be explained as a throw-back to the Polynesian spirit.

177 517 The case of the *djanger* was an interesting example of the attitude of the Balinese towards their arts: their love of novelty and

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peraments by making the men under the fleece fall in a trance and throw epileptic fits. 796 [781]

The following day was the feast of *Sakenan*, the temple of the little island of Serangan, just off the Badung coast. Since the night before, the island was jammed with pilgrims and orchestras, and the next morning the short stretch of sea between Serangan and the mainland was filled with fantastic boats shaped like fish with their triangular sails up, overloaded with richly dressed people. On arrival they waded to the temple, the women balancing offerings on their heads while lifting their brocade skirts out of reach of the water. [501] [482]

One boat brought the holy *barong landong*, four giant puppets who performed in the temple. They were *Djerolúh*, a ribald old woman with a protuberant forehead, enormously distended ear-lobes, and deep wrinkles outlined in gold all over her white mask; a lecherous black monster with prominent teeth called *Djerogedé*; a young prince, *Manrí*, and his beautiful princess, *Tjilí Towong Kuning*, richly dressed in green and gold, who wore great flower head-dresses over their yellow masks. Normal-size attendants held gold umbrellas of state over the giants as they waddled towards the temple in ceremonial procession with music and a retinue of men bearing spears tipped with red fur. After dedicating an offering, the giants danced to the accompaniment of gongs, flutes, and drums; the old rascal *Djerogedé* talked and laughed in a deep thunderous voice, while *Djerolúh* leaped, hooped, and yelled in a shrill falsetto, all behaving in a manner quite undignified for their holy character. Their remarks were of the sort that made my polite Balinese friends blush, especially in the episodes when the prince made love to the princess. The performance over, the men that animated the giant puppets came out from under their skirts, leaving the lifeless forms to rest in a corner of the temple. 536 796

The crowds returned home in the late afternoon, this time on foot, because the tide had gone out, leaving solid ground where before only the white boats could pass. There was a 796

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THE RANGDA AND THE BARONG

754 Queen of the *leyaks* and undoubtedly the most interesting character on the island is the blood-thirsty, child-eating Rangda, the witch-widow mistress of black magic.

754 787 A curious ceremony in the temple of a neighbouring village introduced Rangda to us. It was well after midnight, and although the date for the temple feast was still far off, there was a crowd, mostly women, in the courtyard sitting in a circle around a man who appeared to be in a trance. Next to him sat the old *pemangku*, the temple priest, quiet and concentrating, attending to the incense that burned in a clay brazier before a monstrous mask with enormous fangs. The community, it seemed, was having a wave of bad luck and they were asking Rangda to advise them, through the medium, of what she required to leave them alone. The stillness of the night, the incense, and the dim light of the petrol lamp, all aided the feeling that the spirit of the dreaded witch was really there. Soon the oracle began to twitch and foam at the mouth, making painful efforts to talk. The mask was placed on his head and the priest listened with intense interest to the incoherent groans, muffled by the mask, which he translated in a monotonous voice as the words of Rangda, now in the body of the medium. After the offerings that she demanded were enumerated, she reproached the villagers for neglecting to give a performance of *Tjalon Arang*, the play in which her triumphs are enacted. To end the ceremony the musicians played and Rangda danced; then the man was taken out of the trance and Rangda, presumably, went back to her abode in the summit of the highest mountain, the Gunung Agung.

754 536 Time and again we saw Rangda appear in various magic plays; she was invariably represented as a monstrous old woman, her naked white body striped with black. Rings of black fur circled her long, hanging breasts, realistically made of bags of white cloth filled with sawdust. She was entirely covered by her white

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hair, which reached to her feet, allowing only the bulging eyes and twisted fangs of her mask to be seen. Her tongue hung out, a strip of leather two feet long, painted red and ending in flames

Rangda (*from a Balinese Manuscript*)

of gold. A row of flames came from the top of her head. She wore white gloves with immense claws and in her right hand she held the white cloth with which she hid her horrible face to approach her unsuspecting victims. This cloth became a deadly weapon if it struck.

The character of Rangda has its origin in historical facts, now

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"On discovering the cause of the epidemic, Erlangga ordered his soldiers to go and kill the witch. They stole into her house while she slept and stabbed her in the heart, but Tjalon Arang awoke unhurt and consumed the daring soldiers with her own fire. The witch went once more into the cemetery and danced with her pupils, dug out corpses, cutting them to pieces, eating the members, drinking the blood, and wearing their entrails as necklaces. Begawati appeared again and joined in the bloody banquet, but warned Tjalon Arang to be careful. The witches danced once more at the crossroads and the dreadful epidemic ravaged the land; the vassals of Erlangga died before they could even bury the corpses they bore to the cemeteries.

"The desperate king sent for Mpú Bharada, the holy man from Lemah Tulis, the only living being who could vanquish the witch. Mpú Bharada planned his campaign carefully. He sent Bahula, his young assistant, to ask for the witch's daughter in marriage. Highly flattered, the mother gave her consent and after a happy and passionate honeymoon Bahula learned from his wife the secret of Tjalon Arang's power, the possession of a little magic book, which he stole and turned over to his master. The holy man copied it and had it returned before the disappearance could be noticed. The book was a manual of righteousness and had to be read backwards. The holy man was then able to restore life to those victims whose bodies had not yet decayed. Armed with the new knowledge, he accused the witch of her crimes, but she challenged him by setting an enormous banyan tree on fire by a single look of her fiery eyes. Bharada foiled the enraged witch by restoring the tree, and she turned her fire against the holy man. Unmoved, he killed her with one of her own *mantras*; but she died in her monstrous *rangda* form and Bharada, to absolve her of her crimes and enable her to atone for them, revived her, gave her human appearance, and then killed her again."

It is only in the legend that Rangda could be vanquished; the Balinese perform the story of her struggle with Erlangga in a

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754 play, but always stop before the point where the tide turned
536 against the witch.

THE TJALON ARANG PLAY

545 It is in a performance of *Tjalon Arang*, the legend of Rangda,
754 that the Balinese theatre reaches the height of its magnificence. It combines the fine music and delicate dancing of the *legong* with the elaborate staging, the acting, singing, and comedy of the classic plays, besides the element of mystery and suspense.

The *Tjalon Arang* is not an ordinary play, but a powerful
[755] exorcism against *leyaks*, because by dramatizing Rangda's triumphs, the Balinese aim to gain her good will. Preparations for staging the great show start days before; it is essential that a "male" papaya tree, which bears no fruit, be first transplanted from the wilds to the middle of the dancing-grounds, because such a tree is the favourite haunt of the *leyaks*. A tall house on stilts is built at one end for Rangda, reached by a high runway of bamboo, flanked by spears, pennants, and umbrellas, all symbols of state. The entire dancing-space is covered by a canopy of streamers made of palm-leaf and tissue-paper flags; as many petrol lamps as are available in the village light the stage.

By midnight the audience is assembled, waiting patiently, listening to the special *Tjalon Arang* music, perhaps the finest in Bali, played by a full *legong* orchestra augmented with large bamboo flutes. A full moon is propitious for the performance
[821] and the company waits until the moon comes out from behind the black clouds, silhouetting the temple roofs, the palm trees, and the long aerial roots of the village banyan tree, a hanging black curtain of long tentacles against the sky, the perfect setting for the magic play. Offerings are made beforehand and consultations are held so as not to offend Rangda and to ascertain whether it is safe to hold the performance.

The show begins after midnight and lasts until dawn, when the witch makes her appearance. The play approaches our dramatic literature more nearly than anything else in Bali. It relates

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THE BARONG

776 754 The witch has a contender for supremacy in a fantastic animal, a mythical "lion" called Barong. Because of an ancient feud with Rangda, he sides with human beings to thwart her evil plans, and the Balinese say that without his help humanity would be destroyed. While Rangda is female, the magic of the "left," the Barong is the "right," the male. Rangda is the night, the darkness from which emanate illness and death. The Barong is the sun, the light, medicine, the antidote for evil.

[536] [778] Every community owns a set of the costumes and masks of both characters. These masks have great power in themselves and are kept out of sight in a special shed in the death temple of the village. They are put away in a basket, wrapped in a magic cloth that insulates their evil vibrations, and are uncovered only when actually in use, when the performer-medium is in a trance and under the control of a priest, and not before offerings have been made to prevent harm to the participants. At the feasts of the death temples their masks are uncovered and exhibited in one of the shrines. It is a good precaution to sprinkle these masks with holy water when someone is sick in the village.

Like the Rangda, the Barong is treated with great respect and the Balinese address him by titles such as Banaspati Radja, "Lord of the Jungle," or as Djeró Gedé, "The Big One," rather than as Barong, which is only a generic name for his sort of monster. (See Note 1, page 354.)

545 Despite his demoniac character, the Barong materializes in a trance play in which he is made to act foolishly and to dance for the amusement of the crowd. His costume consists of a great frame covered with long hair, with a sagging back of golden scales set with little mirrors. A beautifully arched gold tail sticks out of his rump and from it hang a square mirror, a bunch of peacock feathers, and a cluster of little bells that jingle at every move. Under a high gilt crown is his red mask, too small for his body, with bulging eyes and snapping jaws. The power of the

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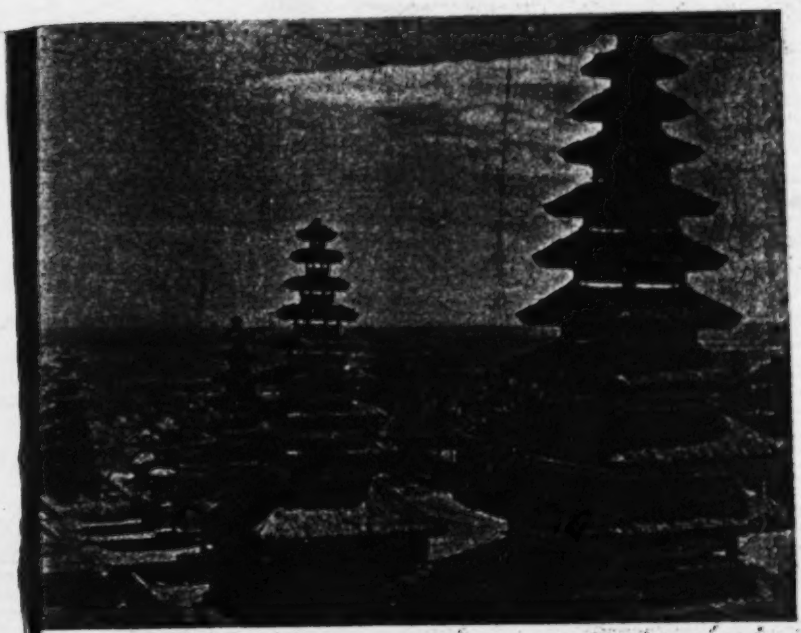

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ABOVE: A panorama of merus which make up the Mother Temple (Besakih) of Bali

BELOW: Giant puppets for the holy barong landong: a wild giant and a prince

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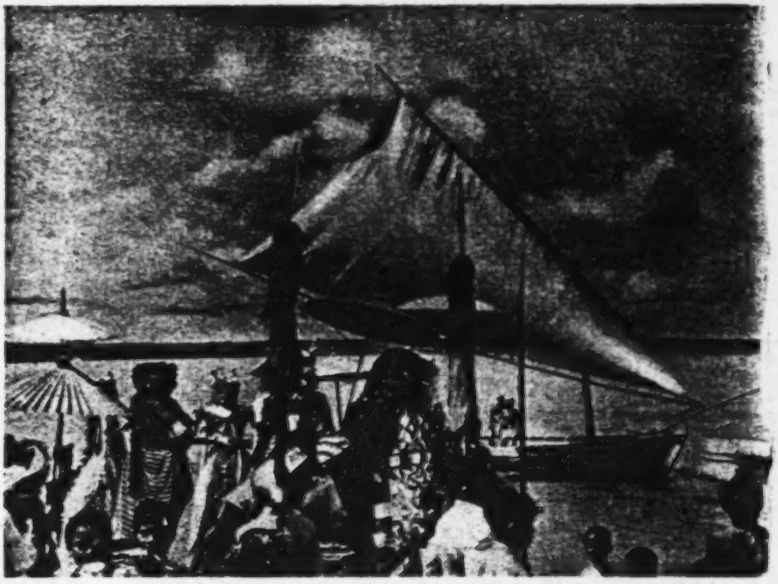

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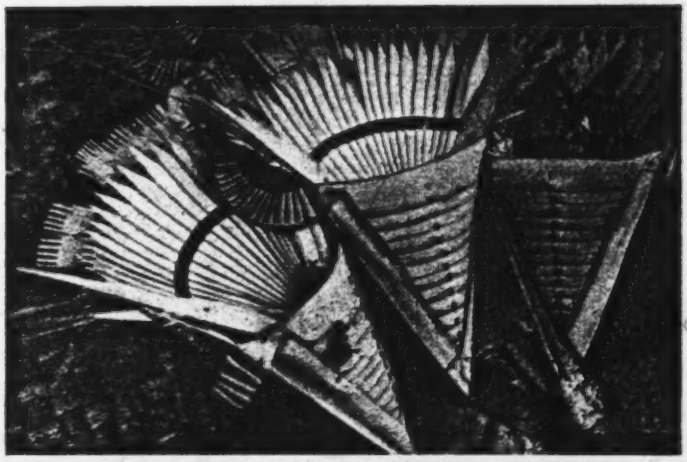

The puppets of the *barong landong* land at the island of Sakenan to perform in the coral temple

Palm-leaf offerings shaped like boat-sails

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Two actors in the *djauk*, a pantomimic dance that precedes the barong play. In their masks and dance routine there is a sharp distinction between the uncouth and the refined characters

BELOW: Dancers of *baris gedé*, a ritual war dance, dressed in magic black and white cloth

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fully preserved and reverently handed down by the people for perhaps five hundred to a thousand years.

The palm-leaf instruction books are referred to chiefly while a young priest is studying for office. As a rule by the time he is ready to officiate the order of the ritual and the prayers have become so familiar to him that he needs no book of instructions. Similarly, the array of offerings is taken care of by the women, special offering experts, who seem to be able to carry in their heads the thousands upon thousands of minutiae without which the offerings would not be complete, and in their finger tips, the necessary twist of the knife to cut out this or that intricate design in the folded leaves of young palm which will form the decorative fringes, panels, streamers, and top-pieces.

As the day of the festival approaches, more and more time is required of the villagers. At the last moment, a few thousands of small cakes are to be baked. Elaborate compositions of flowers and fruits and cakes have to be built up on a banana-stalk base, each unit impaled on a bamboo skewer to hold it in its place in the formal design of the offering. The meat offerings are the last to be got ready, lest they spoil in the heat, and these are the especial care of the men. A pig is killed, sometimes a calf, and ducks and chickens by the dozen. Intestines are pulled out and washed and refilled to make sausages. Fowls are roasted over spits. A great chopping and hashing goes on feverishly for many hours, as the men mix up concoctions of vegetable, meat, and blood to form around the little skewers for roasting and to serve up in mounds to accompany the rice. A special attention is to cut up the fat of the pig into flowers, impale these and fix them in a central support, to form a bouquet of pig-fat, one of the most imposing of the ornamental offerings.[4] But in the course of all these preparations, though the tongue be hanging out for a taste of the unwonted delicacies, no one forgets that this is a feast for the gods, and that the villagers will only get their share after the gods have been served. They will receive, as it were, the leavings from the gods' table, which they call *loengsoeran*, literally, "what is asked back."

For the occasion of the festival the local players of the *gamelan* orchestra, the actors and dancers of the village often prepare a new performance. Many hours of rehearsal may go into working up a new composition, based on the old melodies and rhythms, but recreated for the festival performance. If the village boasts trained dancers, these also go through a rigorous training period before making their "opening" at the temple festival. In many cases, especially if the village has funds, neighboring troupes of dancers and actors are invited to give a performance for a small fee and a part of the feast, or again a play may be arranged with the local talent augmented by one or two famous players, a clown or a player of a princely role, who comes from a distant village and adds to

[4] See Bateson and Mead, 1942, p. 115, Plate 30, Nos. 3, 4.

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536 the performance the glamor of his special gifts. The shadow-play is also often given as a part of the festivities, and a famous *dalang* who can hold his audience all through the night is much sought after, and considered to add both amusement and religious dignity to the proceedings. He should be a man who can recite from the ancient literature, episodes from the Hindu *Ramayana* or *Maha-bharata*, or the Javanese poem, *Ardjoena Wiwaha* and who at the same time can intersperse salty comment [523] on local events (in the mouths of the humorous characters Delem, Sangoet, the Tjondong, and so on) making the course of the old language narrative more intelligible to the popular audience. These various forms of entertainment offered to the gods make up an important part of the festival, and all are prepared with a great amount of enthusiastic creative activity and put on for a merely nominal remuneration.

796 All these types of activity, the making of the offerings, the setting up of the decorations, and the preparation of the music, dance, and dramatic offerings, make clear what the people mean when they leave off their everyday tasks and flock to the temple saying "*Wenten karja di poera*" (There is work in the temple). Their contributions in money and in kind [182] are small in relation to the expenditure of effort which they gladly make on these occasions. If the pattern of the many times repeated sets of offerings has something of the compulsive about it, this aspect of the services is to a great extent overlaid and offset by the gaiety of their participation, as players and as audience, in the three day celebration. And although it is considered fitting and proper to have at the festival as many and as brilliant performances as can be mustered, there is nothing in the religious prescriptions to make this part of the festival compulsory, and the effort which is expended by the people is in this regard quite voluntary.

798 In many temples the gods are represented by little figurines of gold, 796 or bronze, or gilded wood,[5] by plain boards on which a face has been carved in primitive style, or by a simple figure woven of palm. Often [530] there are little extra faces of wood, painted as are the masks, which are attached to the figure representing the god for the time that the god is supposed to be present. The figures themselves have no power. They are merely the receptacles, the "sitting-places" (*pelinggihan*) of the higher presence. On days other than those of the festival, the figures are put away in the little houses which belong to the gods, the tiny doors closed upon them. No one gives them a thought until the festival day comes around.

796 The temple festival is first a communal feast. As a calendric event, it repeats the pattern found in the very old style villages, the old Indo-

[5] Such a sacred figurine may be called an *artja*. Likewise some other object, [798] non-representative in aspect, a stone or bit of bronze, may be kept in the temple shrine, and to such objects also the name *artja* is given.

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fines (*dosa*) for whatever sort of nonconformance to the rules during the festival would be payable at a meeting of the *bandjar* following the "putting away of the gods."

The women set to work to make a fresh *lis*, a new *tjanang rébong*, and all the complete set for the "putting away" offerings (*banten penjimpen*): *sesantoen, daksina, soetji, djapit 5, penganjaran, pengoelapan-pengambéan* (these used at the *odalan*, but the following not used there), *djaoeman 5, tebasan sidakarja 5, soejoek*. This kept the women busy till after one o'clock.

p. m. Dance (*Légong*): In the afternoon more offerings were brought as gifts, and more promises to the gods fulfilled. A *légong* performance, a dance by three little girls, professionally trained, was scheduled for the early evening. Performances such as this, or of plays (*Ardja, Topèng, Tjalonarang*, etc.) often occur as part of the *odalan* festivities. They may take place on any one of the days of the gods' visit. If the *bandjar* is rich, or if they count among their members professional dancers and actors, the performance may be hired or contributed as part of the temple dues. Or an individual may have promised to engage the players for a performance at a coming *odalan*, just as any other offering is promised to the gods if they will accede to a request.

A *sesantoen* offering was given by temple members to the visiting orchestra accompanying the dancers. Another *sesantoen* was offered to the head-dresses of the three little dancers. Several hundred people assembled to watch the performance, given in the space outside the temple.

Procession to the bath (*Ke bédji*): On this day a procession went to fetch water at the bathing place, but the gods were not taken along. The people carried the *bebaktan*, an offering of *adjoeman poetih koening*, this time all in honor of Betara Gangga alone. The priest prayed:

Pakoeloen Padoeka Betara Ratoe Betara Gangga, kénak Padoeka Betara amitja tirta kambenaloe, oepetin nira Betara Gangga, winadahan koendi manik.

Lord God Prince Betara Gangga, be pleased Lord God to vouchsafe us holy water *kambenaloe*, as the gift of Betara Gangga, in the jeweled pot as container.

Then he offered the toilet-tray to Betara Gangga, with the formula:

Wong djang dji soeda ja nama,
Wong tjang tjemana ja nama nama
Wong serija mawantoe soeka mawantoe.

(see page 40)

He poured the water through the spout of the shrine into the containers, and dedicated the offerings, saying:

Pakoeloen padoeka Betara Ratoe Betara Gangga, kénak Padoeka Betara ngaksi sarining boerat wangi lenga wangi, joenan apetik sari.

Wong joerastoe ja nama soeraha.

4:Belo E-5 (1931-1939) 1949 OF7 Bali OF7

comprehended but not articulately stated by the people whom it most directly concerns.

And I shall try to show, by some actual examples, how such a mythological figure may come to life in the small hours at a village festival, may come to life and, by even the least little action, stir the whole community by her sanctity and strength and add by that much to her store of legend. It would be difficult to overstress how real this creature is to the present day Balinese. She has the sort of authenticity which in our culture belongs to Santa Claus, to the Tax Collector, and to the Angel of Death—with the difference that we could not very well imagine all these figures rolled into one, while the Balinese seem to find no difficulty in attributing to Rangda such a multiplicity. They know her well, they expect the worst of her. Whatever turn events may take, she will be evil, she will be female, she will be angry, she will destroy, she will behave like fear incarnate. And you cannot kill her. Over and over the Balinese reiterate, telling her stories, "you cannot kill her." It is not even any use to play out her death in the dramatic version, for she is always there, everlasting and indestructible, just Rangda.

But the strange thing is that any enactment of Rangda's role, either in institutionalized, ceremonial fashion or as a part of a dramatic performance offered outside the temple at the time of a festival or, perhaps most propitiously, when a temple member during the ceremony spontaneously goes into trance and is possessed by the god of the Rangda, and the mask, heretofore hidden away in a basket in one of the shrines where offerings are laid out, is brought forth and put upon the possessed's head and worn throughout his godly impersonation, is considered a fortunate occurrence, if not an actual exorcism, certainly in the nature of a reassurance that the powers of evil, though forever with us, are under control and in such close communication with living humankind that they may be quite easily propitiated and kept in a favorable frame of mind. It seems to give a Balinese a comfortable feeling to see this long fanged, long nailed, bulging eyed, hairy creature, with the hairy pendulous breasts, her whole body traversed by horizontal black and white stripes, cavorting and careening in the temple enclosure, to be brought finally to quiescence with incense and holy water, a few offerings, and a word or two of respect. The entranced player comes to himself, the mask is put away once more in the basket, stored in the temple. The player merges with the crowd, totally amnesic for what has happened.

To those who are interested in following the thread of Hindu influence coming down out of the past to form a part of the weft of current Balinese life, the consonance of the character of Rangda with that of Durga as they think of her is both striking and inescapable. But in following this thread,

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It is Kardiner's contention that from the early experiences in a given culture a "nuclear constellation" is laid down, which "creates an unconscious base from which any number of projective systems can arise."[27] Because he began with individual psychology and extended it to culture, Kardiner puts the setting of the projective system in what he calls the basic personality structure parallel to that which he would give a projective system in an individual. Projective systems are said to arise, as though in each member of the culture the same one arose anew, out of the psychodynamic forces which he points out. Actually, there is room for acceptance or rejection by the individual within the culture of the projective systems offered to him by his culture, for elaboration and denial within the limits set by the culture and by his individual personality as formed within that culture out of the original human material born into it.

Margaret Mead introduces the Witch theme in Balinese culture with explicit reference to parent child relations and to the reciprocal effect of these upon the myth figure and of the myth figure upon the parent child relations. She says:

> While the Balinese child is passing through this first period of responding with passion to his mother's gay, disassociated teasing . . . he is also the spectator of the drama in which the Balinese express their feeling about such a mother-role. The Witch play, the *Tjalonarang*, the definitive dramatic theme of Balinese parent-child relations, not only expresses the residue in the adults of what they experienced as children, but also is watched by children and shapes their reading of the experiences to which they are subjected daily. It colors the child's appreciation of his mother's behavior, and stylizes his attitude toward her.
>
> The plot of the play, which begins as a simple theatrical performance and usually ends in a series of violent trances with full religious paraphernalia of offerings and ritual, varies in detail from village to village, but is essentially uniform. The Witch is angry at a king because he or his son has rejected her daughter, or married her and then rejected her, or simply because the king has accused her of witchcraft. She summons her disciples—played by the most attractive little girls or by little boys dressed as little girls—and, dressed as an old hag, she schools them in witchcraft. They go forth and spread plague and disaster over the land. People are driven from their homes; babies are born and strangled by the witches and tossed back dead into the parents' laps; corpses fill the land. All of these horrors are in the broadest, slapdash comedy interspersed with exaggerated theatrical emotions. Then the king of the desolated country sends his ambassador, or he may come himself to fight the Witch, now no longer an old and infirm woman, but a masked supernatural being whose tongue is studded with flame, whose nails are many inches long, whose breasts are abhorrently hairy and pendulous, and whose teeth are tusks. Against her the emissary fails. He retires from the stage and is transformed into the Dragon (a two-man mask), who is as friendly and puppyish a beast as the Witch is terri-

[27] *Ibid*, p. 42.

4:Belo E-5 (1931-1939) 1949 OF7 Bali OF7

fying. The Dragon confronts the Witch and they hold altercations in ecclesiastical old Javanese. Followers of the Dragon, armed with krisses, enter and approach the Witch ready to attack her. But she waves her magic cloth—the cloth baby sling—and after each attack they crouch down before her, magically cowed. Finally they rush upon her in pairs, stabbing ineffectively at the Witch who has become a half-limp bundle in their tense arms. She is uninvolved and offers no resistance, but one by one they fall on the ground in deep trance, some limp, some rigid. From this trance they are aroused by the Dragon who claps his jaws over them, or by his priest sprinkling his holy water. Now, able to move again but not returned to normal consciousness, they move about in a somnambulistic state, turning their daggers which were powerless against the Witch, against their own breasts, fixing them against a spot which is said to itch unbearably. Thus symbolically they complete the cycle of the childhood trauma—approach to the mother, the rejection and the turn-in upon the self."[1]

Mead and Bateson have illustrated the two way relationship they see between the parent child behavior and the two great masked figures as projections of Mother image and Father image; especially on Plate 62 of *Balinese Character*, entitled "Parents: Witch and Dragon," six of Bateson's photographs juxtaposed show the characteristic behavior of the Rangda and Barong, and a witch-like mother holding her baby in the air, her eyes starting out of her head, her teeth exposed, and a protective father holding his baby. A photograph of the conflict between Witch and Dragon has the descriptive caption:

> . . . a scolding match in archaic language (*Kawi*). The gestures typical of this conflict are clearly shown—the Dragon expressing anger by sudden forward thrusts of his head, and the Witch stretching out her arm with all five fingers splayed and rigid, a gesture not of physical attack but rather oriented to make the opponent powerless."[2]

A series of juxtaposed movie films made by Bateson show up even more clearly parallels between parent child behavior, the stimulation and frustration of the child, leading to tantrum, and the stylization of the masked play, leading to the trance seizure which these authors see as the equivalent of the infantile tantrum.

But there is another aspect to the behavior of the Witch which deserves emphasis, and that is the character of Rangda as the personification of Fear. Probably the usual bogeys in cultures which bring up their children in the fear of them are scary, but they do not themselves act out the feeling. Dr. Mead has stated this aspect of Rangda as follows:

> The fascination which the figure of the Witch holds for the Balinese imagination can only be explained when it is recognized that the Witch is not

[1] Bateson and Mead, 1942, pp. 34-35.
[2] *Ibid*, p. 179.

4:Belo E-5 (1931-1939) 1949 OF7 Bali OF7

applied to the Durga statue on Durga's shrine in the temple under consideration. We were told that after the festival the figure was taken out of the temple and stored in the house of the Brahmana family which supports this temple, lest it be stolen.

The Rangda mask had been brought from a nearby village, Taman, where it was kept together with the Barong. The Barong play was scheduled to take place the second day of the festival, outside the temple. He did not come to the opening day.

It is not necessary to give here the whole order of the ritual. Only as much will be cited as is necessary to make clear the background against which the trance behavior and the attitudes towards the Rangda took place. The festival began, then, with the faithful coming in to make obeisance and to receive holy water, bringing their offerings as gifts for the propitiation of the gods. The Brahmana high priest, who happened to be a female *pedanda*, recited prayers and dedicated the offerings. Then she went home, her part in the festival finished, and from that time on the proceedings were entirely carried out by the old temple priest (*pemangkoe*) and his son. The order of the ritual opened with the "reception" of the gods (*pemendak*), the procession going first to the outer court, circumambulating the outside shrine, then going within, to the Durga shrine, to the small gods' shrine, and finally to the Rangda. Girls danced with the offerings outside and to Durga and the little gods. For Rangda, men danced. This was followed by a ceremonial feast (*kawas*) spread on the ground, at which men and women, and the priests, all went into trance. A second feast then was set on the raised building, where the high priest had officiated, and again men and women, as well as the priests, went into trance. The Rangda mask, moved from the shrine at the side to the central Durga shrine, received special attention during the invocation to the trance, was especially "smoked" with the incense brazier, and her tongue, particularly, was lifted and held over the brazier in the smoke. When a sufficient number of people had gone into trance, the mask was lifted and put on one of the men, who in his trance impersonated her until he fell unconscious. Other men, not wearing the mask, also behaved as "subjective Rangdas."

Thereupon, one of the priests from a neighboring temple called out in trance, "Come forth, *widadari*," referring to the little gods, and the young girls and women took them from the shrine and danced with them, or rather, caused them to dance. These girls, too, then fell into trance, but only after dancing for a time and after a "crossing of spears" (*maloeang toembak*) ritual dance had been performed by the men and, impelled by

8:Hooykaas E-5 (ca. 1959) 1961 OF7 Bali OF7

pèngor and the *lamak* represent the divine couple Mountain and Lake Gunung Agung and Dèwi Danu. The *balé guding* on the *pèngor* is a bridal pavilion for Gunung Agung and Dèwi Danu, just as the *balé guding* at the teeth-filing ceremony is a bridal pavilion for Kumara and Kumari. In the Smaradahana [10], the 12th century old Javanese epic, the *grĕha danta* (XXVI.12) or metri causa, *mandira guding* (XXVII.1), denotes the 'pavilion for the daughter of the Lord of the Mountain' to which Manmatharipu (Siwa) betook himself, there to lay with her. Significantly, the *pèngor* is also designated as *pèngor pèngantèn* and the *balé guding* is also named *anggah pèngantèn* (nuptial shrine).

In fashioning the *balé guding* the offering maker begins by cutting out the rectangular floor and then four 'pillars', called *suba-mala* (cleansed of impurity), to support the roof which rises to an elaborately patterned point. Then she weaves two *tipat lĕpas* (purification *tipats*), the larger one representing the bride and the smaller one representing the bridegroom. Obviously the *balé guding* of the *lis* is also a bridal pavilion. Next she cuts out a miniature basket, the *longlong lalasan*, the house of the snake, as it was explained to me. However, as far as I know the offering maker does not make any representation of the snake itself.

The *longlong lalasan* is placed between the *tipat mamé*, the bridegroom and the *tipat luh*, the bride, and the contents of the *balé guding* are fastened in position.

What is the significance of the snake between the bridal pair? Is the *longlong lalasan* a relic of an ancient tradition or is it merely an embellishment devised by the offering makers?

The *balé guding*, just as the *grĕha danta* of the Smaradahana, must date back to a court tradition of Indian origin. Since the Smaradahana is essentially a Tantric text [11] there might seem to be grounds for assuming that the *longlong lalasan* is derived from the snake symbolism of the Tantric marriage ceremonies. The designs of modern Indian colour prints — such as those printed extensively in Bombay — depicting Siwa and Sakti, feature large and small snakes. The significance of the snake Kundalini, the Sakti symbol, in this connection is well known. However, much more data is needed before any attempt could be made to identify the snake between the bride and bridegroom in the *balé guding* with the Indian symbol.

In making the lis *isuh-isuh* the offering maker fashions the various components in a definite sequence, beginning with the belly. A definite sequence is also followed in the making of the *lis sanjata*. The offering maker begins by cutting the shapes of the emblems of the four directions

[10] Text and translation by Poerbatjaraka, Bibliotheca Javanica III, Koninklijk Bataviaasch Genootschap van Kunsten en Wetenschappen, Batavia (Jakarta), 1933.

[11] J. H. Hooykaas van Leeuwen Boomkamp, *'Over Moslims Huwelijk op Java'*, Indonesië, X 2, 1957, pp. 109-136.

8:Hooykaas E-5 (ca. 1959) 1961 OF7 Bali OF7

to the cock

Om! Thou, Kundi-raksa! Let it be thy task to peck away and fly off to the sea with the afflictions and the blemishes of him who is being purified; There these defilements will be dissolved; om am ksama-sampurna ya namah swaha.

Although the women assistants who carry the duck and the cock do not recite any *mantras* I have quoted the material I have found in the various texts, for it is not often that the purpose of a Balinese offering is so clearly indicated.

The drake and the cock are dedicated to the gods of the four directions and they are identified with Garuda, the 'vehicle' of Wisnu. The function of the birds is to peck away the *mala-pataka* (sins and impurities – but in this instance in a ritual sense rather than in a moral sense).

I have also seen the purificatory ritual with the drake and the cock at domestic ceremonies *(manusa-yadnya)*, such as marriage ceremonies, and the *nĕlu bulanin*. The birds are brought to the *padanda*. On one occasion I saw one of the birds actually eating the rice grains which had been placed on the arms of the bride.

A drake or cock which has pecked away the impurities from a child at the *nĕlu bulanin* is not – except from absolute necessity – killed by the parents for eating. The bird may never be given away, and if the child becomes attached to the bird it is regarded more or less as his own property, or rather as his personal 'scapegoat', a repository for his ritual impurities. When the bird dies it must be buried[46].

At ceremonies held for the purification of a person the duck and the cock are wafted *(atabin)* at the person being purified.

This completes the description of the *ètèh-ètèh padudusan* and the manner in which these objects are used, and the interpretation of their significance.

To conclude I give the description, as it was given to me, of a mask play which sometimes terminates those temple festivals where the purificatory ritual discussed above – the preparation of holy water by a *padanda*, the performance of the *wayang lĕmah*, and the use of the *ètèh-ètèh padudusan* – takes place. The mask play, performed by a single player wearing a Kala mask called *tapĕl pajĕgan*[47] or *siddhi-karya* (the succes of the ceremony) is the story of Kala who devoured mortals by the thousands at the crossroads. The climactic point is reached when the performer seizes a child from the audience as if he were going to devour it. Frightened, the child begins to cry, and is then ransomed for a few *kèpèngs*. By this means Kala's power is broken and the purpose of the ceremony is achieved.

[46] Cf. my paper 'The Changeling in Balinese Folklore and Religion', BKI 116/4, 1960, pp. 424–436.

[47] *Tapĕl pajĕgan* or *topèng pajĕgan*, 23 march–1 may 1961 exhibited in Gemeente Museum, The Hague, cf. guide 'De Kunst van Bali, vroeger en heden' No. 145.

Makassar 066
Nias 0D11
Bali OFT
Javanese OE5

MK [100 cont.]
714 kind of coat of mail plaited with wire, called badju ranté Mak. and wadju rante Bug.

N Finally, we should mention the helmets, which usually
714 are of foreign manufacture. Those worn by the Niassans are characteristic and are called tagula tafau (2).

2. Van Rosenberg, Verh. Bat. Gen. v. K. en Wet., Vol. XXX, p. 96. Note.

[101]

Chapter 5. Drama, Music, Dance, Games and Amusements

a. Wajang [wayang]; b. Topeng; c. Gamelang; d. Song and dance; e. Music and Dance on the Outer Possessions; f. War dances; g. Tournaments; h. Tiger fights; i. Cock fights; j. Quail fights; k. Cricket fights; l. Children's games.

a. Wajang

J We shall begin with the games and amusements of the
536 Javanese because they are the most important, and first of all with the theatrical productions.

There are two kinds of theatrical performances. In one the actors are puppets; in the other the actors are actual persons, who, except when performing before the sovereign, are always masked.

B The oldest theatrical production is the one in which the
[536] actors are puppets; it is called wajang [wayang] on Java as well as on Bali. The wajang goes back to ancient times, but has lost none of its popularity among the people. The word wajang itself means shadow or shade, because the spectators